THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 21, 1804.

Affecting Account of the Event by which the Swiſs Family of Bubenberg became extinct.

[From Karamſin's Travels.]

ON the ſouthern ſhore of the lake ſtands the ancient caſtle of Spiez, once belonging to the family of Bubenberg, which was one of the principal and moſt ancient in the canton of Berne. Several of this family rendered the republic eſſential ſervices, and ſhed their blood for their country. The laſt branches of this houſe were Leonhard and Amelia. The moſt illuſtrious families of Berne ſought their alliance; and at length Leonhard choſe the beautiful Erlach, and his ſiſter gave her hand to her brother.

The day appointed for their nuptials arrived, and was hailed with univerſal joy, as the day that was to unite the firſt families of Berne in the cloſeſt ties. The two equally youthful and amiable pairs were the ſubject of general congratulation. The feſtivities in celebration of the nuptials were innumerable.

After a ſplendid dinner, they reſolved upon an excurſion on the lake. The ſky was pure and ſerene; a gentle breeze cooled the mirthful rowers, and played in the flaxen hair of the beauteous brides. Light waves daſhed around the boat, and their ſoft murmur infuſed mild melancholy into the hearts of the lovers, who clung trembling to each other, and in vain endeavoured to conceal the violence of their paſſion, which was betrayed by its reverberation on their glowing cheeks. Evening approached before they thought of returning. The ſun ſet; and ſuddenly, as if let looſe from the depths of Hell, the tempeſt roared, the waves aroſe, and the ſteerſman was affrighted. He endeavoured to ſteer for the ſhore, but the darkneſs pre-

vented him from diſcovering it. The oars dropped from the wearied boatmen, and every returning wave threatened to ſwallow up the boat.

Conceive only the ſituation of the unfortunate lovers! At firſt they endeavoured to encourage the crew, and even aſſiſted them with their own hands. But at length, perceiving that all their efforts were unavailing, and that death was inevitable, they recommended themſelves to the mercy of providence, wiped away their laſt tears, embraced each other, and thus awaited the cloſe of the cataſtrophe, which quickly followed. A high wave overwhelmed the boat, and ſunk them all into a watery grave: one rower only eſcaped, who fortunately ſwam to ſhore, and brought the melancholy intelligence.

Thus the ancient family of Bubenberg became extinct, and the family of Erlach, at preſent conſidered the moſt diſtinguiſhed in the canton of Berne, inherited the caſtle. I viewed it with ſorrowful ſenſations: the wind whiſtled through its deſerted walls.

Memoirs of the late Mr. Day, Author of Sandford and Merton, &c. &c.

(Concluded from Page 388.)

FROM the year 1773 this hitherto love renounced philoſopher reſided chiefly in London, and amid the ſmall and ſelect circle which he frequented there, often met the pretty and elegant Miſs Eſther Mills, of Derbyſhire, who, with modern acquirements, and amongſt modiſh luxuries, ſuited to her large fortune, had cultivated her underſtanding by books, and her virtues by benevolence. The again unpoliſhed ſtoic had every charm in her eyes.

"She ſaw Othello's viſage in his mind."

But, from indignant recollection of hopes ſo repeatedly baffled, Mr. Day looked with diſtruſt on female attention, of however flattering ſemblance; nor was it till after years of her modeſt, yet tender devotion to his talents and merit, that he deigned to aſk Miſs Mills, if ſhe could, for his ſake, reſign all that the world calls pleaſures; all its luxuries, all its oſtentation. If, with him, ſhe could reſolve to employ, after the ordinary comforts of life were ſupplied, the ſurplus of her affluent fortune in clothing the naked, and feeding the hungry; retire with him into the country, and ſhun, through remaining exiſtence, the infectious taint of human ſociety.

Mr.

Mr. Day's conſtitutional fault, like poor Cowper's, ſeemed that of looking with ſevere and diſguſted eyes upon thoſe venial errors in his ſpecies, which are mutually tolerated by mankind. This ſtain of miſanthropy was extremely deepened by his commerce with the world, reſtrained as that commerce had ever been. Satiric, jealous, and diſcerning, it was not eaſy to deceive him; yet, in a few inſtances, he was deceived by the appearance of virtues congenial to his own.

" For neither man, nor angel can diſcern
" Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
" Inviſible, except to God alone."

To propoſals ſo formidable, ſo ſure to be rejected by a heart leſs than infinitely attached, Miſs Mills gladly aſſented; but ſomething more remained. Mr. Day inſiſted, that her whole fortune ſhould be ſettled upon herſelf, totally out of his preſent or future controul; that if ſhe grew tired of a ſyſtem of life ſo likely to weary a woman of the world, ſhe might return to that world any hour ſhe choſe, fully empowered to reſume its habits and its pleaſures.

They married, and retired into the country about the year 1780, according to the beſt recollection of the author of theſe memoirs. No carriage; no appointed ſervant about Mrs. Day's own perſon; no luxury of any ſort. Muſic, in which ſhe was a diſtinguiſhed proficient, was deemed trivial. She baniſhed her harpſichord and muſic-books. Frequent experiments upon her temper, and her attachment, were made by him, whom ſhe lived but to obey and love. Over theſe ſhe often wept, but never repined. No wife, bound in the ſtricteſt fetters, as to the incapacity of claiming ſeparate maintenance, ever made more abſolute ſacrifices to the moſt imperious huſband, than did this lady, whoſe independence had been ſecured, and of whom nothing was demanded as a duty.

Thus Mr. Day found, at laſt, amid the very claſs he dreaded, that of faſhionable women, a heart whoſe paſſion for him ſupplied all the requiſites of his high-toned expectations.

Some eight or ten years after his marriage, the life of this ſingular being became, in its meridian, a victim to one of his uncommon ſyſtems. He thought highly of the gratitude, generoſity, and ſenſibility of horſes; and that whenever they were diſobedient, unruly, or vicious, it was owing to previous ill uſage from men. He had reared, fed, and tamed a favourite foal. When it was time it ſhould become ſerviceable, diſdaining to employ a horſe-breaker, he would uſe it to the bit and the buthen himſelf. He was not a good horſeman. The animal diſliking his new ſituation, heeded not the ſoothing voice to which he had been accuſtomed. He plunged, threw his maſter, and

then, with his heels, ſtruck him on the head an inſtantly fatal blow. It was ſaid that Mrs. Day never afterwards ſaw the ſun; that ſhe lay in bed, into the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day, and only roſe to ſtray alone through her garden, when night gave her ſorrows congenial gloom. She ſurvived this adored huſband two years, and then died, broken-hearted, for his loſs.

The reader will not be ſorry to learn the future deſtiny of Sabrina. She remained at ſchool three years; gained the eſteem of her inſtructreſs; grew feminine, elegant, and amiable. This young woman proved one of many inſtances that thoſe modes of education, which have been ſanctioned by long experience, are ſeldom abandoned to advantage by ingenious ſyſtem-mongers.

When Sabrina left ſchool, Mr. Day allowed her fifty pounds annually. She boarded ſome years near Birmingham, and afterwards at Newport, in Shropſhire. Wherever ſhe reſided, wherever ſhe paid viſits, ſhe ſecured to herſelf friends. Beautiful and admired, ſhe paſſed the dangerous interval between ſixteen and twenty-five, without one reflection upon her conduct, one ſtain upon her diſcretion. Often the gueſt of Dr. Darwin, and other of her friends in Lichfield, eſteem and affection formed the tribute to her virtues.

Mr. Day correſponded with her parentally, but ſeldom ſaw her, and never without witneſſes. Two years after his marriage, and in her twenty-ſixth year, his friend, Mr. Bicknel, propoſed himſelf; that very Mr. Bicknel, who went with Mr. Day to the foundling hoſpital at Shrewſbury, and by whoſe ſuretyſhip for his upright intentions the governors of that charity permitted Mr. Day to take from thence that beauteous girl, and the young Lucretia.

Mr. Bicknel high in practice as a barriſter, was generally thought an advantageous match for Sabrina. More from prudential, than impaſſioned impulſe, did ſhe accept his addreſſes, yet became one of the moſt affectionate, as well as the beſt of wives. When Mr. Day's conſent was aſked by his protégée, he gave it in theſe ungracious words: "I do not refuſe my conſent to your marrying Mr. Bicknel; but remember you have not aſked my advice." He gave her the promiſed dower, five hundred pounds.

Mr. Bicknel, without patrimonial fortune, and living up to his profeſſional income, did not ſave money. His beloved wife brought him two boys. When the eldeſt was about five years old, their father was ſeized with a paralytic ſtroke, which in a few weeks became fatal. His charming widow had no means of independent ſupport for herſelf and infant. Mr. Day ſaid he would allow her thirty pounds annually, to aſſiſt the efforts which he expected ſhe would make for the maintenance of herſelf and children. To have been more bounteous muſt ſurely

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have been in his heart, but it was not in his ſyſtem. Through the benevolent exertions of Mr. Harding, ſolicitor-general to the queen, the ſum of eight hundred pounds was raiſed among the gentlemen of the bar for Mrs. Bicknel and her ſons; the intereſt to be the mother's during her life, and the principal, at her deceaſe, to be divided between her children.

That excellent woman has lived many years, and yet lives with the good Dr. Burney, of Greenwich, as his houſe-keeper, and aſſiſtant in the cares of his academy. She is treated by him and his friends with every mark of eſteem and reſpect due to a gentlewoman, and one whoſe virtues entitle her to univerſal approbation. Her name was not in Mr. Day's will, but Mrs. Day continued the allowance he had made her, and bequeathed its continuance from her own fortune during Mrs. Bicknel's life. Mr. and Mrs. Day left no child.

Mr. Edgeworth, having alſo loſt his third wife, Elizabeth, is now the huſband of a fourth, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Beaufort, of Ireland. He had four children by his firſt; a ſon who, of late years, died in America; Miſs Edgeworth, the celebrated writer of ſtories for children, and moral tales for young people, &c. Miſs Anna, married to the ingenious Dr. Beddoes of Briſtol; and Miſs Emeline, married to Mr. King, ſurgeon of the ſame place. Honora left him an infant girl and boy, when ſhe died in the year 1780. The former inherited her mother's name, her beauty, and her malady, and died of conſumption at ſixteen. The amiable ſon yet lives, with fine talents, but infirm health. By his third wife, Elizabeth, he has ſeveral children; and by the preſent, two or three. From Mr. Edgeworth's large family elaborate ſyſtems of infantile education have proceeded: of them the author of theſe memoirs cannot ſpeak, as ſhe has never ſeen them. Other compoſitions, which are ſaid to be humorous and brilliant, are from the ſame ſource.

DESCRIPTION *of the* RUSSIAN ARMY.

(Concluded from Page 384.)

SUWARROW not only excelled all other generals in the management of his ſoldiers, but he was moreover conſidered as an inſpired man. Thoſe who ſaw nothing in the mummery of the marſhal, but weakneſs or burleſque, might look upon him as a buffoon or a madman. But this madneſs was the ſame with that of Ulyſſes. It was thus that Numa perſuaded the Romans that the goddeſs Egeria imparted to him, in their interviews, the laws which he gave them. Thus Scipio had a genius, who warned him of events, and Sertorius a hind, which inſpired him.

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The Ruſſian ſoldiers were perſuaded that their general had intercourſe with ſuperior beings, and converſed, during the night, with angels. They could not be overcome, led on, as they were, by a man who communed with the inhabitants of Heaven. Suwarrow could not deceive them; the victory depended upon them, and upon their courage. This perſuaſion in the ſoldiers was ſufficient to inſure victory; and they have always obtained it with him. If the tricks, that Suwarrow played, were the propereſt means of giving his army a conviction of his being inſpired, they ceaſe to be ridiculous, and, on the contrary, become wiſdom. Under this impreſſion we are almoſt diſpoſed to admire that man for the ingenuity of his influence over the human mind, whom we were before inclined to look upon as a madman.

Suwarrow was old, and ſubject to the infirmities of age when he came into Italy, as far as they affected the body, but his ſpirit preſerved all its fire and vivacity: every thing in his manners was ſingular and eccentric. He kiſſed the hands of thoſe perſons whom he received, and ſometimes even their cheeks and mouth. A mountebank does not diſplay ſo many monkey tricks, contortions, and grimaces as he did: theſe were accompanied with ſigns of the croſs and with prayers. His table was remarkable for its filth and bad cheer; he drank out of his neighbour's glaſs, and frequently the liquor that was left in it.

His head-quarters were more like the tent of a khan of Tartary, than thoſe of the generaliſſimo of the two imperial armies. Yet, in the midſt of all theſe buffooneries (which, from any other perſon, would have excited deriſion and contempt), it was impoſſible not to feel the greateſt reſpect for his character, with a mingled ſenſation of ſurprize and aſtoniſhment. What the by-ſtanders witneſſed was in itſelf extremely ridiculous, and yet did not produce the effect that the ſight of any thing ridiculous uſually does. Whether it was that reflection preſented to their minds the greatneſs of his exploits, or that they were impoſed upon by his ſimplicity, his followers were not at all tempted to laugh at what was, in fact, extremely laughable. When, after all theſe tricks, he recovered himſelf, and converſed on war or politics, numberleſs obſervations, replete with ſenſe, and that evinced not only his practical knowledge, but great theory, eſpecially in matters relative to war, were heard from the mouth of the man, whom the moment before they were tempted to look upon as in a ſtate of madneſs or imbecility. He had formed his manner after the war againſt the Turks, and according to the genius of his troops: he was better calculated to give battles than to make campaigns, wherein frequent movements are neceſſary, or to carry on a war of invaſion rather than to act upon the defenſive. His tactics conſiſted principally in coming to iſſue with the enemy; being perſuaded that the valour of his

troops would render him victorious. He was a captain in the ſtyle of Mahomet, Tamerlane, and Gengis Khan, rather than of Cæſar or Turenne; an Aſiatic general, rather than an European; formed to gain battles and conqueſts, rather than conduct regular and ſkilful campaigns, if, indeed, there can be any ſkill ſuperior to that of always beating an enemy. To go in ſearch of his opponents, and charge them, was the abſtract of his military ſcience; but the greatneſs of his character and his genius for war aided him, and inſured the victory to the bravery of his troops. In fact, one condition only is neceſſary with ſuch troops as the Ruſſians; that is, that they may not meet with any natural and inſurmountable obſtacles between themſelves and the enemy. At the battle of Novi the Ruſſians were nearly deſtroyed in attacking inacceſſible heights, that were covered with troops and were fortified with artillery; thrice did they fall back, repulſed, not by the French, but by the nature of their poſition; and thrice did they form again, under the enemy's fire. If General Melas had not turned their right wing, and diſlodged the enemy, it appears probable that the Ruſſian army muſt have periſhed; but the good fortune and genius of Suwarrow always extricated him from difficulties. At Zurick, where the marſhal was not preſent, the Ruſſians were overcome through the badneſs of their diſpoſition, the diſadvantage of ground, and from the effects of ſurprize and miſunderſtanding, but not from the courage of their enemy. In Holland, they could not conquer canals, dykes, and inundations. Their method is to charge the enemy with the bayonet, at full ſpeed, crying, *Owri, Owri;* no troops in the world can ſtand this charge; the firing does not abate their impetuoſity; they attack a battery in front, if that is a readier way than to attack it in flank.*

To withſtand this ſhock the enemy muſt not wait for it, but proceed to meet it with the ſame reſolution. The French are more remarkable for boldneſs and raſhneſs than for intrepidity; the approach of the long and broad Ruſſian bayonets always alarmed them; their grenadiers could never ſtand their impreſſion. The courage of the Ruſſians is proof againſt every thing; they know how to die to enſure victory, and to die rather than be beaten. They will beat all other troops, if they can but bring them to action; they are moving machines of fire that conſume all in their way. No troops in the world are ſo careleſs of being attacked in flank, or turned; they think, let the enemy be where he will, if they can but face about to meet him, that he is in front and regular array before them.

* They are in fact perfect ſtrangers to that ſpecies of chicanery in war, with which modern tactics are ſo frequently interwoven.

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The Ruſſian diſcipline is extremely rigorous, and favours ſtrongly of the autocratical government. The ſubordination amongſt the officers of different ranks is almoſt as great as that of the ſoldiers to their officers in other ſervices; they are ſometimes treated in the ſame manner as the privates. Their bravery is the effect of diſcipline, more than elevated ſentiments.

Each company has its hero; it is a diſtinction which he obtains from the ſuffrages of his comrades; he has no pre-eminence determined by order, though he has in effect a very great one; he is the example, the model, and the chief of the meſs; he enjoys great conſideration among his comrades, and never fails to give them an example of bravery, firmneſs, and good conduct. When men are accuſtomed to any thing, it is ſufficient for one to give an example, to induce the others to follow it: this it is that renders the hero in queſtion ſo uſeful in action. Few perſons are capable of ſetting an example, though almoſt all are capable of following it.

Every thing ſeems Gothic in the appearance and military cuſtoms of the Ruſſians; this does not, however, prove any material defect in their organization.

The cavalry is modelled after that of the Pruſſians, but it is not equally good. The Coſſacks are excellent as camp-guards, and for advanced poſts. They are eaſily diſtinguiſhed as men accuſtomed to live in vaſt and deſart tracts of land. Without any knowledge of a country or its language, and without guides, they march forward, like navigators in newly diſcovered ſeas, and diſcover their way, not only through the high roads, but in traverſing unknown parts. They are not capable of fighting in line of battle; as cavalry they are of little ſervice, but infinitely uſeful as light troops, for reconnoitring, for ſkirmiſhing, purſuing, and haraſſing an enemy, or for guarding camps. Their horſes are ſmall, and far from handſome, but active, fit to climb any where, and to ſuſtain every ſpecies of fatigue. The emperor gives them twenty-four rubles a year for themſelves, and the maintenance of their horſes. It will naturally be ſuppoſed, that they make no ſcruple of taking what they want, wherever they find it; in effect, they are great marauders. In general, the Ruſſian troops bear ſtrong marks of the ſavage origin of the greateſt portion of their ſoldiers.

At the fatal ſeparation of the Auſtrians and Ruſſians, the marſhal was on his march for Switzerland, when he heard that the French were approaching to Tortona, in order to relieve the place. On the receipt of this intelligence he inſtantly made a retrograde movement, and reached the ſpot from which he had marched. This generoſity was attended with ſerious conſequences; in ſo doing he loſt but one day in the firſt inſtance, but this delay in reality occaſioned a loſs of five, from the Auſtrians having neglected to prepare, as had been agreed upon, the

proviſions neceſſary to inſure a ſpeedy paſſage into Switzerland: had it not been for this delay, he would have arrived in Switzerland before Maſſena had attacked the Auſtro-Ruſſian army.* Fortune now ſeemed to have brought Suwarrow to the utmoſt extent of his glory, there to leave him neglected and undone. It appeared as if ſhe regretted of her favours, and wiſhed to afflict this extraordinary man at the cloſe of his unexampled career. He beat the French wherever he met them; but this was his laſt effort, and terminated the brilliant efforts of a man, who was more remarkable, if poſſible, for his eminent qualities, than ſingular from his extraordinary manners. Suwarrow poſſeſſed a heart which was as open as his mind was ſtrong; and his ſpirit was uncommonly active: he was too ſincere to ſhield himſelf under the dirty maſk of ſubterfuge and deceit. Perhaps he had accuſtomed himſelf to that buffoonery which produced ſuch advantageous effects upon his troops, and was not himſelf aware of the mummery he practiſed: it is likewiſe probable, that, being a man of ſingular devotion, he had, *bona fide*, contracted many oddities, which diſtinguiſhed him from other men.

The Ruſſian troops are badly paid, but a few individuals, among them, receive ſometimes magnificent rewards; the ſervice is by no means a lucrative profeſſion, but rather a lottery, in which favour and fortune diſpenſe the prizes. The emperor makes preſents of croſſes, or a gilt ſword, to an officer who is in diſtreſs; the hopes of making a fortune, by obtaining one of the capital prizes, induce him to ſupport habitual poverty, the rigours of the ſervice, and the ſudden and unexpected diſgraces, to which all military men, among the Ruſſians, are ſubject; ſince even Suwarrow himſelf was not exempt from them at the cloſe of his life. He had not, however, the misfortune to ſee the arms of his ſovereign united to thoſe of the enemy againſt whom he had fought.

Before he quitted Italy, Suwarrow, as much from principle as duty, forewarned the Auſtrians of the misfortunes that happened to them. He uſed to ſay, that he himſelf, of whom they ſeemed ſo anxious to rid themſelves, would come and cover their retreat in the fortreſſes of the Tyrol. In the midſt of his reſentment, his noble and elevated ſoul was buſied in procuring the means of ſaving thoſe who wiſhed to deprive him of his glory. He followed the dictates of his heart. He had not, in the end, the mortification of feeling, that he had not foreſeen the unaccountable behaviour of his ſovereign, as his military genius had anticipated and foretold the diſgraces of the Auſtrians.

* His guiding ſtar, his vigour, and the affection of his army for him, reſcued him with honour from the imprudent ſtep he had taken.

NEW FASHIONS.

Full Dress.

A Petticoat of lace, over farſenet or luteſtring, very long train, a broad-edged lace, ſet moderately full round the bottom beneath, adjoining one of the ſame breadth let in between two ribbons: ſilk body, lace ſleeves and tucker; a ceſtus of velvet, white, coloured, or black, narrow and claſped at the boſom with a royal diadem, prince's feathers, an oak leaf, or ſprig of laurel. Theſe uſeful ornaments are formed of gems, the two laſt of emeralds, the ſtems fixed in knots of brilliants; they claſp from the circlet of the crown, the band of the plume, and the bows of the foliage. The head-dreſs is a tiara of jewels, from which falls a veil of very clear muſlin or linen, powdered with ſtars or ſmall ſpots of foil, and forms a beautiful drapery over the dreſs. The veil is white, with ſapphire, ruby, topaz, emerald, or amethyſt foil: pink, blue, primroſe, or lilac muſlin veils, are ornamented with ſilver foil. High feathers on the left ſide fall over to the right behind the tiara. This dreſs is peculiarly elegant and becoming.

Half Dress.

Worked muſlin or linen robe, long train; a cloſe body, croſſed over the boſom, confined by a claſped ceſtus, or a drawn frock body, with a gold, ſilver, or ſilk cord and taſſels. A light turban, or a half-handkerchief of muſlin, worked all round in cotton or coloured ſilks, twiſted and tied at the left ſide in a bow, and ends touching the ſhoulder; or the hair in bandeaux, and Grecian puffs faſtened by ornamented combs.

For Walking.

Small chip hats, round flat crowns, moderately high, white or coloured—the latter moſt prevalent; the pink are wreathed with white roſes, hyacinths, and narciſſus bloſſoms; the lilac with jonquils, or any other yelſow flowers; the primroſe with oak, myrtle, hawthorn, violets, or purple crocus; the blue adorned with ſilver chains and taſſels, faſtening very light feathers, either blue or white; on the white chip, flowers of any colour. The wreaths meet on the left ſide, and, with a ſprig of the ſame flower reaching above the crown, are tied by a ſmall bow of narrow ribbon. The very ungraceful ſquare ſhawls are totally reſigned for long ones of plain muſlin or linen, worked with narrow borders on each ſide, and very richly at the ends. Sprigged or ſpotted ſhawls are trimmed with lace in the ſame manner. Theſe ſhawls are worn like tippets, and are looped down upon the back with a bow of ribbon. Old Engliſh, Roman, and Spaniſh cloaks, and looſe peliſſes, without ſleeves, will all be worn, both black and white, with broad laces; the

muſlin

muſlin cloaks with elegantly worked borders, Vandyke ſcollop, and double capes to ſuit.

Particulars of the dreadful Thunder Storm with which Bath and its Vicinity were viſited, on Friday, May 4, 1804.

ON the above-mentioned day Bath experienced one of the moſt violent ſtorms of thunder, lightening, and rain, ever remembered there. The peals of thunder were awfully loud and frequent, appearing for a time to growl at a diſtance, and then burſt with tremendous craſh immediately over our heads; the flaſhes of lightening were alarmingly ſtrong and vivid, advancing in rapid ſucceſſion before each clap of thunder; and the rain poured down in ſuch foaming torrents, that every ſtreet in the city was in a few minutes deluged. The ſcene was at once grand, ſublime, awful, and terrific, and its duration much longer than uſual; from about half paſt three to nearly ſix.

Bath appeared to be about the centre of this exploſion of the elements, and the effects were experienced ſome ſeven or eight miles round it. The roads in many places are ploughed up in deep furrows, and have in many declivities the appearance of pitching, all the gravel and dirt being completely waſhed away; in other places great chaſms appear to have been made, ſo as to render them extremely dangerous and difficult to paſs. The damage that has been done to the gardens in the ſuburbs of the city is deplorable; the whole ſpring ſtock of vegetables of many poor families being waſhed away. A cottage, not far from Sidney Gardens, where Kirl, a poor chairman, with his five motherleſs children lived, was thrown down by the torrent pouring with irreſiſtible force from the hill. Several other families were obliged to quit their dwellings, as the pitileſs elements ſeemed every minute to threaten their deſtruction. Two conſiderable portions of the wall round Sidney-Garden ride were thrown down, and the plantations near it deſtroyed. Immenſe ſtones near Mrs. Pigott's houſe, in Lanſdown-road, were removed from their beds; and had the tempeſt continued much longer, it is feared that noble manſion would have been undermined and ſhook.

A conſiderable piece of ground (apparently near an acre) in a field belonging to the Rev. Mr. Warner, at Hanging-land, ſlipped in one vaſt body lower down the hill. But the moſt remarkable phænomenon is the preſent appearance of Beechen-Cliff; that beautiful curved hanging-wood, which girts the city ſouthward, where a large portion of the hill has given way at the ſummit, and bore down the trees, buſhes, and the ſoil into the field beneath. Whether this was occaſioned by the force of the water, or by the top of the hill being ſtruck by a ball of

fire, or electric fluid, is uncertain, but it ſhews the extreme violence of the ſtorm that could have produced ſuch a convulſion; and which, in its preſent ſtate, is an intereſting and picturesque object.

James Oldworthy, the under-gardener at Newton-Park, by imprudently attempting to croſs the bridge on the road, near Pennyquick, overflowed by the immenſity of rain, was thrown down by the rapidity of the ſtream, and carried into the brook beneath, where he was drowned, in the ſight of ſeveral companions who had cautioned him not to venture acroſs. This is the only fatal accident that has come to our knowledge; and we deem it almoſt unneceſſary to add, as the diſaſter we have been ſpeaking of happened ſo near the city of Bath, the ſeat of univerſal philanthropy and benevolence, that the damages have been aſcertained, and a liberal ſubſcription made to relieve the poor people who have been ſufferers by this awful viſitation of Divine Power.

Account of the gallant Behaviour of the late Mr. Joſeph Langſton, Firſt Lieutenant of the Royal Marines.

THIS brave man died on board the Goliath, at ſea, in conſequence of a wound received in an action on the 8th of December laſt. He was firſt lieutenant of the royal marines, and ſon of Mr. Langſton, of Aulceſter, Warwickſhire.

The following account of Lieutenant Langſton, &c. from an officer on board the Goliath, is ſo truly honourable to the principles and feelings of the deceaſed, that we beg leave to ſubjoin it in his own words:—"He, with Mr. Kent, the firſt lieutenant of the ſhip, had gallantly volunteered their ſervices to cut off a ſmall veſſel that was ſtanding in ſhore. Captain Briſbane gave them two boats, with which they proceeded; and, as the ſmall veſſel eſcaped their vigilance, they determined not to come back without ſomething: in conſequence of this reſolution, they attacked a large brig (the Rachel, of Liverpool, captured by the French, and defended by French ſoldiers), and brought her out.

"It is impoſſible to do juſtice to your's ſon's greatneſs of mind. The boat had juſt got along-ſide, and Mr. Langſton was on the gun-wale ready to board; one hand (the left) having hold of the rigging, when a muſquet was fired at him by a French ſoldier, which wounded him dreadfully in the right ſhoulder. A prodigious hemorrhage took place, and, from the nature of the ſervice, it was a conſiderable time before the ſurgeon could poſſibly get to the relief of the wounded. Mr. Langſton refuſed to be dreſt until a poor marine ſoldier (ſince dead of his wounds) had firſt had aſſiſtance: afterwards, every attention was paid

paid him by all his meſſmates, and the greateſt care taken of him by the ſurgeon and his aſſiſtants; and we had the happineſs, as we thought, of ſeeing him do well, until the 23d of December at night, when the ſhip had a great deal of pitching motion, which is a very uneaſy one, and unfortunately renewed the hemorrhage, by which it was underſtood that death muſt in the end enſue. This gave him time to ſettle his affairs, and make his peace with the Almighty, which he did in the moſt ſincere, manly, and Chriſtian-like manner, ſo that his reſignation, fortitude, and patience, excited the aſtoniſhment of all.

"He lingered with hemorrhage till the 31ſt, when circumſtances proving favourable for amputation, which he had much wiſhed for ſome time, it was put in execution at the ſhoulder joint. It was a forlorn hope at beſt; but our moſt anxious deſire was that ſo gallant a man ſhould be preſerved for the comfort of his friends, and the good of the ſervice. He bore the whole operation with fortitude and recollection; and expired, lamented by all the crew, a ſhort time after its concluſion, being quite exhauſted. He uniformly experienced every ſolace and friendly office in the power of his meſſmates, and the Captains Briſbane and Roby, to beſtow, during his whole illneſs. We buried him with every military honour our ſituation would admit; it was impoſſible he could have too much.

"Lieutenant Kent, who was in the ſame boat with him, ſucceeded in getting on board the veſſel; but, when engaged with the enemy, he received five wounds, four of them with bayonets, and the fifth on the left temple with a ſabre. He died on the twelfth day, a mortification having come on before it was poſſible to amputate."

Further Extracts from Percival's Account of the Cape of Good Hope.

(Continued from Page 395.)

FOR the purpoſes of defending our own foreign poſſeſſions, or keeping our enemies in check, no ſtation can indeed be found comparable to the Cape of Good Hope. The facility and expedition with which troops can be ſent from it to the Eaſt or Weſt Indies, to South America, or to any part of the coaſt of Africa, muſt enable us to counteract, with the beſt poſſible effect, every attempt which might be prejudicial to our intereſts. Should the French again ſucceed in rendering themſelves maſters of Egypt, a ſquadron from the Cape of Good Hope, could, in the courſe of a few weeks, either blockade the entrance of the Red Sea, if any danger was apprehended to India from a French armament; or convey to Suez a body of troops to attack

tack our enemies from that ſide, and co-operate with our forces penetrating from the Mediterranean. Were the native princes of India to make ſuch head againſt us, as that our army there required ſpeedy reinforcements, we could from the Cape convey troops thither in leſs than half the time in which they could be ſent from Europe; and with the additional advantage of their being already ſeaſoned to the climate, and able immediately to act againſt the enemy. Were any ſudden attempt made on our Weſt India Iſlands, a force from the Cape might in the ſame manner ſpeedily arrive to their relief; and that mortality be in a great meaſure prevented, which has rendered thoſe colonies the graves of ſo many Europeans.

Beſides the advantage of its centrical poſition, the qualities of the climate of the Cape in ſeaſoning ſoldiers for ſervice in the warm latitudes, joined to the cheapneſs with which an army may be maintained here, are ſufficient motives for marking it out as a moſt deſirable military ſtation. The number of brave men which the defence of our Eaſt and Weſt India dominions have coſt us, and who have fallen victims, not to the ſword of our enemies, but to the peſtilential nature of the climate, cannot but produce the moſt melancholy reflections. The Eaſt Indies are indeed much leſs fatal; yet when troops arrive there in the weakly ſtate, which muſt always be conſequent on a long voyage, thoſe diſtempers, which in a healthier frame of body they might have undergone without any bad conſequences, are often found too powerful for their conſtitutions. Even when theſe diſtempers do not prove immediately fatal, they are apt to leave the individual in ſuch a ſtate as to incapacitate him for any vigorous exertion, and render the remainder of his life a ſort of lingering decay. The invigorating effects of the climate of the Cape have been proved in innumerable inſtances. Many of our officers who came thither from India with conſtitutions ſo enfeebled, that their cure ſeemed beyond the reach of medicine, were in a very ſhort time ſo reſtored at the Cape, as to be able to return in perfect health to their regiments. To provide ſuch a receptacle for thoſe gallant men, who have ſacrificed their own health to the ſervice of their country, is ſurely an object of the firſt importance. Many who could bear to be conveyed from India to the Cape, for the benefit of a better climate, would ſink under a voyage of double the length to Europe. The effects of the Cape in recruiting men after a ſea voyage, with aſtoniſhing rapidity, are well known; and its property of ſeaſoning troops for warmer climates has been proved in many inſtances. The troops which were diſpatched from thence to aſſiſt in reducing the power of Tippoo Saib, were able, on landing in India, immediately to take the field, and to join in ſtorming Seringapatam. The ſame regiments are at preſent partaking in our glo-

rious ſucceſſes in India, and acting with unabated vigour and energy.

The cheapneſs with which an army may be maintained at the Cape of Good Hope, is alſo well deſerving of ſerious conſideration. The abundance of proviſions of all ſorts is ſuch, that with proper management a body of troops might be ſubſiſted here, at a third leſs expence than in any other part of his majeſty's dominions. The comforts which muſt ariſe to the ſoldiers themſelves from this cauſe, and the effect it muſt have on reconciling them to foreign ſervice, ought to be conſidered. If this ſtation ſhould be found to afford government an opportunity of maintaining a force in a moſt central and convenient poſition, and yet at a reduced expence, no one will diſpute that this conſideration alone is ſufficient to render the poſſeſſion of the colony an object of the moſt deſirable nature.

The planters about Swellendam, and the track of country towards Muſſel Bay and Falſe River, make the greateſt quantity of butter, from the number of cattle they graze hereabouts; ſome of them derive their whole income and ſupport from this line of farming. The milk from two or three hundred head of cattle is collected together in huge clumſy tubs, till they can churn a large quantity together; this is done every three or four days in a round veſſel like a hogſhead. The churn ſtaff is ſo heavy that it requires the exertions of three or four ſtout male ſlaves, in the ſame manner as we pump water out of a ſhip. They do not take ſo much pains to preſs out all the butter from the milk as we do; ſo that their butter-milk is much more heavy, greaſy, and rank, than with us in Europe. They hold it in but little eſtimation: it is chiefly given to the dogs, and as often thrown away; ſometimes they give it to their ſlaves with carrots, turnips, and pumpkins boiled in it. The Engliſh have expreſſed a good deal of ſurprize, that they would not attend more to the rearing and fattening hogs with the milk from which the butter is extracted, inſtead of throwing ſo much away. "No," ſaid they, "pigs are not worth the trouble, as we have as many horned cattle as we wiſh for, and at a very cheap rate." Some of the farmers make from 1500 to 3000 pounds weight of butter every year, and ſome even more, if they have ſufficient ground to feed the requiſite number of cattle. They ſend it every ſix months to Cape Town, where it is bought up by ſhips, principally Danes, Swedes, and ſhips from India and the Spaniſh coaſt; it is generally ſold by the planters to the merchants at the Cape for 4d. or 6d. per lb. and afterwards by them for double that price at leaſt. Some of this butter is excellent and well taſted, particularly where the cows are kept confined to ſweet paſture. I have frequently eaten excellent butter both at the Cape Town and while up the country, but much oftener met with it ſtrong, rank, and very ill-taſted. Thoſe who graze cattle and make

butter

butter ſeldom enter into any other kind of farming, though their land allows of producing corn, vines, and vegetables. Neighbour ſuch a one ſupplies him, and he therefore ſees no occaſion to have too many occupations on his hands at one. When the cows ceaſe to give milk he ſends them to the butchers at Cape Town, together with the young bullocks and ſheep, to be ſold for various uſes. When the fleets are expected, intelligence is ſent from the Cape, if the butchers do not go into the interior themſelves; and two or three thouſand head of cattle are collected and driven to Cape Town to be ſlaughtered. Some attend to ſheep only, and a farmer will have often a ſtock of one or two thouſand. The ſheep are chiefly reared in the drier plains, and it is ſurpriſing to ſee how quickly they get into good order. During the dry ſeaſon for ſeveral months they are like ſkeletons, as the country is parched up and quite bare of graſs, except a few acrid plants and ſhrubs, which barely ſerve for the ſheep to ſubſiſt on. But when the rainy ſeaſon comes on, and the land is drenched with nature's refreſhing ſhowers, and the heavy dews begin to prevail, then the graſs ſprings up almoſt inſtantaneouſly, and the ſheep in a few days get into fleſh. When once fattened they are ſent to Cape Town before the dry weather deſtroys the vegetable creation, and ſold in their prime ſtate. The nature of the country here is ſuch that though it appears naked and barren to the eye, there is always ſome little verdure and tufts of graſs, and ſhrubs left in the clefts and chinks of the rocks, which in the ſummer ſeaſon ſerve to ſubſiſt the ſheep and oxen. It is remarked that the cattle, as well as the milk and butter, taſte differently in the two ſeaſons, being far ſweeter in winter after the paſtures have felt the influence of the refreſhing ſhowers. A variety of tender ſhoots ſpring in abundance, of which the ſheep in particular eat with avidity, whilſt the oxen go amongſt the marſhes, and along the rivers for reeds, coarſe ſedgy graſs, and the groſſer kind of plants.

The karroo land, beyond the diſtrict of Swellendam, is reckoned the beſt for ſheep. A very extenſive track of low country lies in this part of the interior; the cattle which the planters generally breed are conſidered as a much ſmaller race than thoſe belonging to the Hottentots farther up the country. By what means they have degenerated I could not accurately aſcertain; but I ſhould ſuppoſe it to be from the vaſt numbers which the Dutch farmers keep in the ſame farm, without allowing them to roam about, or go from one place to another, like thoſe of the Hottentots, according as they have devoured the paſturage. This cannot be helped, as the wild beaſts would deſtroy numbers, were they not ſecured at night. The coloniſts turn out their cattle regularly into the ſame paſturage, which being continually grazed on, and kept poor, is leſs able to afford them proper nouriſhment.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of CHANCERY, Thurſday, May 3.

THIS day counſel were heard on a bill filed by Lord Courtenay againſt Mr. Godſal, coachmaker, in Long-acre, and againſt the ſheriff of Devon, praying that the ſheriff may be reſtrained from ſelling the effects of his lordſhip, under a *fieri facias* iſſued by Mr. Godſall, and that the demand and accounts of the latter might previouſly be examined by a maſter. It was ſtated that Lord Courtenay had employed Mr. Godſall, as his coach-maker, from 1789 to 1793, in which time Mr. Godſall's bill amounted to 11,847l. and in one year exceeded 5000l. No leſs than 1680l. had been charged for one landau, and 1260l. for one coach: 170 guineas for a hammer-cloth, and 265l. for a ſet of harneſs. Theſe high charges, and the accounts not having been adjuſted, his lordſhip's counſel contended, furniſhed ſufficient grounds for the injunction. On the other hand, Mr. Godſall's counſel argued, that the amount of the charges furniſhed no ground for the application: the carriages were lined with real gold and ſilver lace, had coronets of ſolid ſilver round the tops, the emblazonings were painted by the moſt ſkilful artiſts, with mottoes even on the ſpokes of the wheels, and were every way finiſhed in the moſt ſumptuous and coſtly manner: that his lordſhip had confirmed the fairneſs of the demand, by paying part of the money, and by giving ſecurity for the remainder; and further, by returning to employ Mr. Godſall, in the year 1798, after he had quitted him for five years.

In reply to which, Lord Courtenay's counſel ſaid, his lordſhip did not return as a volunteer, but from the apprehenſion of Mr. Godſall's taking out an execution againſt him. On which the lord chancellor remarked, that in this caſe his lordſhip was a volunteer who had *not a right to reſign.*

The lord chancellor then acquainted the parties, that he would ſoon give his opinion on the caſe, but his lordſhip did not mention the particular day.

Anſwer, by W. Harvey, of Camborne, to T. Bullock's Queſtion, inſerted October 10.

THE lengths of pendulums being to one another reciprocally as the ſquares of the vibrations made in the ſame time, then as $9^2 : 59^2 :: 39\frac{1}{6}$, $1681\frac{1}{4}$ inches, or 140 feet $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, the length of the chain and candleſticks to its centre, then we have $140,1\frac{1}{4}+5-10=145$ feet $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches, the height of the room as required.

Anſwer, by A. Kyne, of Dartmouth, to T. Rutger's Rebus, inſerted March 19.

FEAR not, ye ſons of Britain's iſle,
The menace of a tyrant foe;
But join in one united force,
Then ſlavery ye ſhall never know.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by J. Channon, of Ottery, to E. R. Bickham's Rebus, inſerted April 2.

IF the inſulting foe ſhould dare invade our coaſt,
The martial DRUM will call Britannia's hoſt
To arms; who in the glorious cauſe, I truſt,
Will the proud tyrant humble with the duſt.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; R. Mudge, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; W. Snell, of Colyton; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; T. Rutger, of Clowance; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; and T. Bullock, of St. Columb.

Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to T. Rutger's Anagram, inſerted April 2.

MITE tranſpos'd, moſt clearly brings,
TIME, the ſwifteſt of all things;
Happy that man, whoſe pious ſoul,
Can ſee it unconcerned roll.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Bullock, of St. Columb; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; W. Gregory, of Tamerton Foliott; R. Mudge, of Aſhburton; W. Snell, of Colyton; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; and R. Holwell, of Exeter.

A REBUS, *by T. Bullock, of St. Columb.*

A Space of time; a near relation;
What uſeful is in every nation;
A liquid's next; and then a thing,
That chymiſts uſe when trying tin:
The points a ſcience will explain,
To find its name doth ſtill remain.

A CHARADE, *by G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.*

BEHOLD my firſt, delightful ſcene!
When ſpring appears array'd in green;
When winged warblers chear the morn,
And fragrant flowers the fields adorn.

Then, at the morning's early dawn,
My ſecond quits the verdant lawn;
And as it flutters in the air,
With ſtrains melodious charms the ear.

Within the boundaries of my firſt,
My laſt oft ſwells its little breaſt;
And with its ſweet harmonious ſtrains,
Enlivens all the neighbouring plains.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

To the Memory of Miſs Smith, late of Taunton, Somerſet.

FAREWELL! thou dear departed ſaint,
Our God has ſummon'd thee from hence;
Thou now behold'ſt what none can paint,
The glories of Omnipotence.

Whilſt on this earth thy tender care
Was to relieve the aching heart;
From miſery's eye to wipe the tear,
And eaſe the wound of half its ſmart.

Religion's path you ever trod,
Nor fear'd the tyrant that can kill;
But calmly kiſs'd the chaſtening rod
When ſuffering all that fleſh could feel.

With every female virtue bleſt
(Heaven did thee as a pattern ſend),
By all belov'd, by all careſs'd,
Thou ever waſt a faithful friend.

What more is to thy memory due
I leave to thoſe who knew thee beſt;
Thy ſoul thro' trackleſs ether's gone,
To find in Chriſt eternal reſt.

Taunton. JAMES BALL.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

ADDRESS *to the* ROSE.

FAIN would I cull thee, fragrant roſe!
To deck Amanda's breaſt divine,
But fearleſs ſtill thy charms diſcloſe,
Amanda is no longer mine.

Oft to this throbbing boſom preſs'd,
She ſweetly breath'd her ardent vow;
She ſhone a diamond on my breaſt—
A roſe more beauteous far than thou.

But ſhort was love's ambroſial hour,
How ſwift, alas! our pleaſures fly!
Fell *intereſt* pluck'd my darling flow'r
To grace a wealthier ſwain than I.

But why my wretched fate bemoan,
Since I poſſeſs her nobler part?
They robb'd me of the *flow'r* alone—
The *root* ſtill binds my faithful heart.

Plymouth-Dock. PALEMON.

HYMN *to* HEALTH.

NOONTIDE now glows in all its power:
Sacred ſhall be this tranquil hour,
As tho' ſome god were near:
Be mine, while lingering heats prevail,
And ſilent ſleeps the vagrant gale,
To fix a temple here.

Yon heav'ns high-arching o'er my head,
This verdant turf by nature ſpread,
Theſe wild ſweets flowering round,
The rites preſcrib'd, O health! proclaim,
Here be thy altar, heavenly dame,
This be thy holy ground.

'Twas thus at noon, as ſings the ſwain,*
Who tun'd the ſimple Doric ſtrain,
Shepherds retiring lay,
And while in awe they dropp'd the reed,
And careleſs left their flocks to feed,
To Pan would reverence pay.

Thus, too, on Mona's ſecret heights,
The druid paid his myſtic rites,
And vervain duly ſpread;
And thus, while ſilence liſten'd round,
Encircling wide the ſacred ground,
In meek devotion prayed.

I, too, with wearied ſteps and ſlow
For I have reach'd this green hill's brow,
Now reſt, at eaſe reclin'd,
Feaſting, while round I turn my eyes,
And view the mingling hills ariſe,
With ſolemn thoughts my mind.

O! parent bleſt of young delight,
Fair health, now glide before my ſight,
In more than mortal grace;
With roſes, bluſhing on thy cheek,
In radiant ſmile, and dimple ſleek,
And harmony of face.

Let love ſtill move thy matron breaſt,
And let thy flower'y-cinctur'd veſt,
In folds majeſtic flow;

Splendent

* Theocritus.

Splendent as ſun-beams be thy hair,
In braids bright waving in the air,
And bright thy neck as ſnow.

Yet what avails? To thee in vain
I pour the pious-warbled ſtrain,
The fruitleſs incenſe burn:
I ſee thee ſmiling ſtill and ſweet,
Yet haſtening far from my retreat,
Ah! never to return.

Enſlav'd to love, conſum'd by thought,
With books, and verſe, and follies fraught,
Too long I ſlighted thee;
O! how my youth has paſs'd away,
And now I feel my ſtrength decay,
And now thou ſlighteſt me.

Ah! flowers, which look, in vain, ſo gay;
Ah! gales, to me which idly play;
Ah! birds, that vainly ſing:
The bloom of ſpring, the ſummer's flow'r,
And golden autumn's milder ſtore,
To me no pleaſure bring.

Go then, more kind, to Stella go;
Give her the pure vermilion glow,
And ſtreak her eye with fire;
Still the dire throbbings of her heart,
Bid languor's liſtleſs form depart,
And all her ſoul reſpire.

And let her drink th' ambroſial gales,
Which by thy ſprings, and hills, and vales,
Their balmy influence ſhed;
There haleſt herbs luxurious grow,
And flowers with brighteſt colours glow,
And daintieſt odours ſpread.

Then ſhall the ſeas, and earth, and ſkies,
With double ſplendours feaſt her eyes,
Her breaſt with rapture fill;
Then ſhall ſhe bid her ſounding lyre,
(For Stella has the poet's fire)
With ardent numbers thrill.

Thus deign, O health! to hear my prayer,
And oft-times here will I repair;
For ſhouldſt thou not impart
Thy healing genuine warmth to me,
Still ſhall my incenſe riſe to thee,
And that ſhall warm my heart.

G. D.

THE POOR OLD MAN.

"O! hear a care-oppreſſed wight
His woeful tale relate,
"Whoſe viſage ſpeaks him to have felt
"The miſeries of fate!

"When I was young, and in my
"bloom,
"Then nature kindly ſmil'd,
"And fortune lent her fickle aid—
"Alas! ſhe me beguil'd!

"In manly youth I Anna lov'd,
"She bleſt me with her charms;
"With her I was divinely bleſt,
"Nor dreaded future harms.

"But, ah! alas! how can we think,
"Without the deepeſt ſorrow,
"How tyrant fortune ſmiles to day,
"And curſes us to-morrow!

"Three years had gently paſt away,
"Two ſmiling children born;
"In harmony we ſpent the day,
"And kindly hail'd the morn.

"But ſoon, alas! misfortunes came,
"And plough'd up all our pleaſure;
"O let not man on earth be proud,
"Altho' he's crown'd with treaſure!

"My ſhips in traffic fail'd the ſeas,
"I long was bleſt with ſucceſs,
"Till fortune turning round her
"wheel,
"She frown'd upon me luckleſs!

"Diſeaſe attack'd our children dear,
"Death tore them from my breaſt;
"Too ſoon my Anna's tender form
"Them in the grave careſt!

"Now two-ſcore years have on my
"head
"Misfortune's hardſhips driven,
"Nor can I ever hope for reſt
"Until we meet in Heaven!"

The ſtranger ſtopp'd, and down the hill
His weary footſteps bent;
I pitied him, alas! 'twas all
That Heaven to me had lent.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

WHEN weary wretches ſink to ſleep,
How heavenly ſoft their ſlumbers lie!
How ſweet is death to thoſe who weep,
To thoſe who weep and long to die!
Saw you the ſoft and graſſy bed,
Where flowers deck the earth's green breaſt?
'Tis there I wiſh to lay my head,
'Tis there I wiſh to ſleep at reſt!
O! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given;
O! let not ſighs diſturb the gloom,
None but the whiſpering winds of heaven!